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# OSPITALITY

otel irginia  
Long Beach  
California



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# ospitality

*by*

Sherley Hunter

HE knowledge  
that another has  
felt as we have felt,  
and seen things, even  
if they are little  
things, not much  
otherwise than we  
have seen them, will  
continue to the end  
to be one of life's  
choicest pleasures."

*ROADS—*

*Robert Louis Stevenson*



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# ospitality

DO not know very much about this subject of Hospitality for I have had so little experience with it, with the kind of real hospitality that I have been seeking throughout the realm of Baedeker for.

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Maybe it is because I am a nomad, a travel-banged and scarred bag, ever on its way, ever crammed with the same experience-luggage.

You, who have your homes in warm hearted Kentucky or “By Gum” New Hampshire or self-centered New York way, may be perfectly familiar with the real meaning of hospitality. But I swear I am not, just a “humming along” Hadji am I.

“A-roving, a-roving,  
I am ever on the go.  
Of real commercial hospitality there  
is little that I know.”

Have I ever stopped at Brighton?

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Yes, just a metropolitan spa, with everything just so and nothing more. You lock your heart up in your bag and start out to be stared at.

And I know the luxurious caravansaries of the Strand, all refrigerated.

And the affected "charm" of Torquay.

Aquaed at Carlsbad and dug deeply in response to the cute caresses of *hospitalite* of Paris and stove off the *Luxus Palast* of Berlin.

I have sought, and, know but little of real hospitality.

Nor am I hard to please. When one travels some he knows better

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than to be exacting. It proves expensive in the long run, you never gain your points; peace and relaxed temperament are sacrificed.

Dole out your jitney, thin-one, two-ie and smile at what is handed you. 'Tis the easier way.

HAT is real hospitality?  
How do I define it? There  
are many ways. He who  
knows his Greek mythology I will  
say it is the key of Janus, the key that  
opens and closes all good things.

To him who just knows his Yank-  
ee-doodle I will say it is the hand of  
welcome of the mother you have not



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seen for ten years. The smile-expression on her dear old face. The rest of the folks waiting to greet you. The gladsome bark of Towser. The old postman who recognizes you as he drops your belated letter, "Why, hello Will, how are you?"

There is no dodging real hospitality when it comes to you. And real hospitality never waits for you. It anticipates your wants, goes them one better, and then retires and leaves you to yourself.

You never have to pay in advance for real hospitality. Sometimes, quite often, it becomes silently indignant at the proffered tip.

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Real hospitality is in love with its duties. It tries to outdo itself and always succeeds.

Busy, or in relaxation, it always comes to you on time, always tries to please you your way.

Real hospitality always makes one want to reciprocate.

You are afraid you are putting real hospitality out, and it only smiles in return.

The make-up of real hospitality is simple. Just sincere, tireless effort to make others contented, cheerie, and glad they are alive, and a forgetfulness of self.

It is the same whether it sinks its

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impression on your memory in a humble home or in the elegantly appointed hotel of a great metropolis. Only you seldom find it in hotels.

When you do, the bill always seems trivial in comparison to the accommodations you receive.

F you will not think it an advertisement, I will tell you where such a hotel is. Maybe you will want to go there sometime and taste of my brand of real hospitality.

It is in California, not far from the San Diego exposition; an hour's ride from mountains crowned with

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snow, fragrant orange groves, the peal of Spanish mission bells, bubbling oil fields, alfalfa ranches that yield four crops a year, roses that bloom out doors the year around, and the city of Los Angeles which stands over a city of a civilization twenty thousand years old—long before the civilization of Egypt and her Rameses, before Moses. (What do you know about that for a *new* West?)

All sounds like an advertisement for a real estate concern, does it not?

Out over the white tipped, blue Pacific you can glimpse the great ships plowing along the new world

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route that cuts the American hemisphere in two at Panama.

It is called Hotel Virginia. A fire-proofed steel structure of concrete built in the form of a letter H, so that all of its rooms have an outside exposure to the restful rumble of the rolling surf.

And this letter H stands for Hospitality from the moment a clean-cut, clear-eyed young chap assists you with your baggage to the genuine note of regret in his voice as he says "Good bye, sir," and helps you into a taxicab for your twenty mile to Pasadena on an asphalt drive

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that begins at the entrance of the Virginia.

Even the vine hugged big windows and the gardens of blumen give you a hint of the Virginia's personality as you start to make your first entrance.

You begin to relax for contentment before you reach the register, and the secretary stifles your last suspicion. No, he is not a clerk. He is a sure enough secretary minus the slippery smile and suave "once-over."

Somehow, though you cannot tell how, it is all in a tone of welcome unordinary.

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There is nothing that smacks of the chilly morgue.

Flunkism is nil.

“We are your friends, your interests are ours because our service consists in trying to please folks so they will come back,” is the message of the lobby, with its mammoth pillars and easy chairs — a hundred pixies whisper it everywhere.

If there are women folks with you, they are not embarrassed by stares and leers and remarks behind highly manicured finger-nailed hands.

Everyone seems to respect everyone else at the Virginia.

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(Now you know this is not an advertisement. For what advertising man would notice that?)

Up in your big room, and a man can get anything he wants at the Virginia, you find large closets and bathroom, high ceilings, sound-proof walls. And such a bed and variety of resty chairs! Generous rooms that forget nothing and add some surprises into the bargain.

There are no bell-boys at the Virginia. They are attendants who seem to listen at the key-hole of your wishes. I truly believe they brag to one another at the day's end of



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how much they have done for their guests.

The Virginia way is truly the Virginia way. Without annoying you, folks suggest ways to make your stay more comfy; actually plan ways to serve you more.

I would not call the attitude there courtesy, but rather a kindly, warm, human desire to be hospitable.

The first time I stopped I was almost afraid to offer a tip. Can you imagine it? No one seemed to expect it. No one really expects it. Every one received one, however, before I left, you can rest assured of that.

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Oh, yes, I have not told you the city where the Hotel Virginia is located.

Long Beach is the place. Long Beach, California. Paradoxical to you perhaps, but Long Beach is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than the interior towns.

The hotel, while it is along the beach and in the city, has its own private bathing frontage and dressing rooms for the guests.

There are a dozen lovely little spots out-country, if you wish to go horse-back riding.

In winter, arrangements can be made for the guests to enjoy duck-

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shooting opportunities at the preserves in the marshes not far from the city.

Those who wish quiet and repose enjoy the glassed-in verandah protected from the sea breeze.

The Virginia is a social center during the year 'round. Hardly a week passes but what a night finds the great dining room with its monster sea-looking windows ablaze with banquet lights for the entertainment of notable visitors to Southern California.

Both winter and summer, there are private tennis courts, sun-shined, for the guests. Here every year the

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Southern California championship tournament in all classes is held, and also the Pacific Coast championship match for men's doubles.

"What about golf?" do I hear you say.

Well, give heed to this. The guests of Hotel Virginia are accorded the privileges of the Virginia Country club course, five miles away, where you are taken by automobile to the prettiest links in the Southwest. A course that has the only water hazard in the world — a water-drive that will appeal to the skill of amateur or professional.

And if you like to skim the blue

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beneath the filled-out-sail, the Virginia Yacht Regatta is the most important on the Southern coast.

Take this as you will, an advertisement or merely a privilege to write you about a unique hotel and my find of real hospitality, investigate it more, it is to your advantage not mine. I am a Virginian.

I believe in passing a good word along.

I believe the Hotel Virginia deserves it.

I believe you will be glad I have when you go there.

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